LITERARY NEWS, VIEWS AND CRITICISM

THOR ONCE A STREET CAR CONDUCTOR HERE CAR CONDUCTOR HERE CAR CONDUCTOR HERE James Francis Dwyer Tells of a Struggle Against Starvation in New York. FINALLY HE JUST QUIT Bought a Typewriter and Began Strught Against Starvates and mysterious to be such as the structural to the such as th

Bought a Typewriter and Began Making Money Writing the Adventures He'd Lived.

ring what we want here

There are plenty of things in the strange book that will test readers who do not consider belief the sublimest thing in the

Curiously enough the Australian ro-

"It isn't so much that I'm a wanderer," he tried to explain; "it's just that I've always been trying to find where I belong.

THE AUTHOR-VAGABOND

Full of Exciting Realities.

J. E. Patterson, the English sailor-

he same part of the country. He, who is

risk of his life, who lived a life the simple record of which contains more

has turned tself in large part into his

Browning's Vision and Memory.

memory developed to abnormal degree. Grant Duff records a conversation with Sir

Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who "gave me a

curious account of Browning's sight, main

Browning had the faculties of vision and

From the London Chronicle

successful work of fiction.

his forthcoming remantic novel of the South Seas. "The White Waterfall." and all his remances of the South Seas are in fact more realistic than remantic, whenever he gets tired of writing of far away places or runs out of material, which he says he never will, can turn to certain of his New York experiences. When Mr. Dwyer was working fourteen hours."

Cigareet in Ercrybody's Magazine few world. But the author can recount many things even more marvellous, if the listener preserve a serious and trusting demeanor. He told one especially blood chilling, one which was set somewhere down in the Malay Peninsula and had to do with the power of a man eating tiger who had long ago been turned to bronze by Buddha.

"But don't tell that "be made to bronze by Buddha."

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But don't tell that "be made to bronze by Buddha." main of his New York experiences. When Mr. Dwyer was working fourteen hours a day collecting nickels on a Twentythird street car he was on the hunt for food and a bare living, and that after he had been for many years the best known and best paid newspaper paragrapher in Australia. Mr. Dwyer has visited three-quarters of the globe, living the adventures that he has put into the stories that have now brought him fame and fortune, but none of them he counts quite so thrilling as those encountered right hare in little old New York, where third street car he was on the hunt for right here in little old New York, where numbered. he found that a man can come comfortably close to starving to death.

just received an acceptance of a two hundredth and some odd story, the author

People thought I was crazy. But I made up my mind overaight and I had to go. I had come and gone, come and gone, through the years. I've always had that restlessness in my blood. I don't think there is an inch of ground in Australia (which, by the way, is some 4,000 square miles bigger than the United thirty-five occupations in my life. You'd is intimate, as it tells of all his multialong somehow in New York-wouldn't early childhood, through years of wan-telling. you?-the city said to contain more op- dering down to the period when he beportunities than any other place in the came an author. In fact one wonders nearer to finding my finish, here where so many incidents into less than forty without them and a reference. "When I decided to leave Sydney and

packed up my wife and little girl I was self says: prosperous, as I said. But London called. A few months of London was enough. I could tell you tales of my experiences in the journalistic fields there, how it was its foothardiners. The aim has been not clearly demonstrated that it was not the place for me nor I the place for it; but it is enough to say that finally, when I had lived up about all my money, I resolved to come to America. My wife and child I left, and I started out to get to drag in relatives, except where absolutely needful to the point at issue. As for persons of public importance—this is more an account of the wayside of his hill to be an account of the wayside of life and its hard, unnoticed corners than solved to come to America. My wife and its hard, unnoticed corners than of its hill tops and limelit places.

"My mother (who died when I was 4)

"My mother (who died when I was 4) place for me nor I the place for it; but and child I left, and I started out to get a job coming over as a steward. But they informed me that there was about a companion of the looms, in some cases two and three, thousand on that waiting list, so I came wherewith they earned their livings, in

in the steerage.
"Did you ever travel with some hundred of Polacks? No? At first I was put in father's forebears were more of the year with half a dozen Russian Jews, but after man kind and, on his mother's side, ap I kicked up quite a row I was transferred pear to have formed their own land it , to bunk with as many Scotchmen. Those Scotchmen didn't take off their clothes during the whole trip and we were on an eleven day boat.

Scotchmen didn't take off their clothes became a colliery official, was the grandson of a Yerkshire squire; but the latter apparently went to Van Die-"Throughout the trip I wasn't treated

"Throughout the trip I wasn't treated kindly. I had on a Piccadilly suit, but I didn't have money in my pocket. I had only an order for the control of the c had only an order for twenty-five dollars, who went away and was never heard of which I was bringing to show so as to get into the country; but I had to save it, was bound who at thirteen was doing a man's work in the deen sea fisheries. as I had to send it back to Mrs. Dwyer as soon as I got to New York.

"I thought that once I got to New York literature into Russia, who investigated all would be well. After a few days I the habits of howling dervishes at the

changed my mind. I went the rounds Their methods of of the newspapers turning down vary

remance than a dozen novels.

Throughout his eggabondage the
"Meanwhile I was earning a few cents
a day addressing thousands of envelopes, guarded from his mates' eyes, and this I got fired for showing my temper to the boss, however, and just then Mrs. Dwyer wrote that she had pawned some valuables and was coming over with the youngster. I tried one of the newspapers again and they advised me to get a street car job. I asked how to get it, and then went up

"Street car conducting is the only job an alien without a specialty can easily taining that with one eye he could read get in New York.

et in New York.

'The first week I received no pay, as I gallery, while with the other [sic] without was learning the ropes. The next week artificial assistance he could write an ode I was allowed to buy a uniform, but came near losing my job because I hadn't had an opportunity to learn how to direct pas-sengers. They finally took me on, now-ever, at a munificent salary. Those months were frightful. The long hours wore me away and I hadn't much physical strength to begin with, with near starva-tion not helping matters along much. The reason they finally hired me in the first place was because I was so this the first place was because I was so thin that I could easily work my way through a crowd of passengers. You know they won't hire a fat man. After a few months I had reached such a desirable state that no street car company could have passed me by.

"I didn't have time to try looking for to reminiscences of her father and his ecanother job. I had rigged up a sort of centricities. Miss be Quincey, now in her desk in the one room in which we all lived, my wife and little girl and I, and one day I desperately told my wife that I would just have to throw up my job if I was ever to get out of the rut. Then one night we ran over a man and killed one night we ran over a man and killed him and I quit. I remembered the news-paper editor who had told me to go out and get a street car job, so as I had go: old of a pretty good story on the inside offered it to him. He sent a reporter

1 offered it to him. He sent a reporter ever to see me.

"Well, I gave him the story and got \$33 for it. With the money I bought a typewriter and set up in the literary business, taking some leisure for it. Since that time I've sold 200 odd stories.

"Belief is the sublimest thing in the world," said the author. "That is one point that the South Sea Islanders have over us. They believe believe everything—have the real faith. We tnight at least believe as long as we can until

at least believe as long as we can until fability is proved.

Dwyer will be believing those wild

South Sea stories of his before long," said one of his friends with a laugh. The bother looked at him solemnly, "Why, don't you believe them?" he

A STORY OF TWO DOGS THAT "TOOK" MADE HIM

> Jack Hines's Magazine Yarn Is Now to Be Put Into Book Form.

SEEGAR AND CIGAREET

"There's something wrong with the place. My skin feels it. The island looks as if it had been left too long by itself, and I'm beginning to think that all those rocks and trees are watching us and wondering what we want here.

Remarkable Tale of Devotion of Two Alaskan Beasts to Each Other.

When Jack Hines published "Seegar and

pated in the rush for gold, in '98, it was with no intention whatever of turning any of his experience to literary account He was there for adventure and for gold. and got plenty of both for the time being It has been said that he was the original of the character in Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," who led in the sensational holding up of the bank which closed its doors immediately after taking in considerable gold from depositors, among them Hines. At any rate, Jack Hines lived an eventful enough life to have a fund of entertaining true stories to tell to his

At a luncheon the other day, having always been trying to find where I belong. I know it isn't Australia, It isn't any of the islands of the tropics. It isn't South I islands of the tropics. It isn't New York I islands of the tropics it isn't New York. It isn't the far West—I dragged my family all the way out to California a year of so ago. I'm off to Algiers next year. I don't suppose I'll ever find the right blace, but something way back in my head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really belong—and I can only head gives me vague hints of some place where I really b writer; and those who should know do say that Mr. Hines's first manuscript, when it first came under editorial observation. J. E. Patterson's Book of His Life was an amazing thing in its mechanical makeup. It was written, evidently, with a particularly stubby pencil on bits of paper; it was far removed in appearance States, you know which I hadn't per- author who has recently leaped into from professional "copy." But it evisonally visited by the time I was a grown much popularity at home and is halled dently had a great deal in it that a great man. Whenever the call came to go I as a coming man, has followed distin- deal of professional copy does not have, went. I went in different capacities, any guished example and produced an inti- for to-day Mr. Hines is still utilizing his capacity. I counted up the other day mate autobiography which bears the spare moments from mining expertness and found that I had served at exactly title "My Vagabondage." It certainly and his spare bits of paper and his spare stubs of pencils in setting down those true think at that I could manage to get tudinous and diverse adventures from Alaska stories which he had been so long

"It is all true," he says of the story of Seegar and Cigareet; the book of which world. But it was right here that I came how one man under forty could crowd is being published by the Dorans and the proceeds to go to the Bide-a-Wee Home only specialization and experience count years, or even find such in these days for friendless animals. "All true, barand where you can't get a job as a porter of more or less civilization. The author ring nothing the adoption of Seegar, to be came from-to use the old phrase the battle with Dusty, the only dog in -"poor but honest parents." He him- thousands of miles that could best him, their hatred thereafter, the love Cigareet "Mine is a humble story, a record of had for the blind old hero, the bitter story small things. It is a one man load, the of the blinding storm they breasted. burden of which must be its success-or guided by that marvellous thing which God has given such as they

Gone from the love and respect of men to the reward of the

Louis, the guide whose life was saved by the dogs, is made to tell the story in characteristic "sourdough" vernacular. Of the end of the thrilling and fearful sledge journey—at the time he thought it was the very end—he says: "Then I gets up and looks Cigareet over.

"Then I gets up and looks Cigareet over. Too bad hurt to swing a leg she is, and, huggin' her a minnit. I lays her to one side and slips another one into the ri'le for her. And new what d'ye think! When I raises the gun, standin' souare between her and me, lookin' me full in the eyes is —Seegar. He won't stand fer it, no sirhe won't stand fer it. Can ye beat that, kid; can ye beat that?

"I argies with him. I tells him that

he won't stand fer it. Can ye beat that, kid: can ye beat that?

"I argies with him. I tells him that him and me ain't got one chance in a million fer ourselves, and we can't leave her alive, and how can we take her? No good. He begins to get nasty, and jest because I thinks it makes no difference, anyhow. I lets him have his way and I bundles her up on the robes, hooks Seegar, my lone dog, to the sled, and gives him his head to do the work of seven. That's goin' some. To do the work of seven, damn his good ole hide for his life, for my life, and for little crippled Cigareet.

"I come to sharp by an' by and seen there was stars overhead. I raised up, sensin' that we was slippin' along on glare ice. For a minnt I couldn't believe it. 'Way up yander the blizzard was still 'Way up yander the blizzard was still gin' but we was down out of it, and was travellin' down the ice of the Fish Stick to it and we'd hit Council

y fifty miles away. On we goes and, come daylight, I seen

curious account of Browning's sight, maintaining that with one eye he could read the number of a picture at the end of a long gallery, while with the other [sic] without artificial assistance he could write an ode of Horace on a piece of paper the size of a threepenny bit."

Another diarist, Mrs. Andrew Crosse, heard Browning in the course of a discussion on Byron quote the whole of the "Vision of Judgment," after remarking, "I have not seen the poem for forty years, but this is graven on my memory."

Be Quincey's Youngest Daughter.

From the Christian World.

It will probably surprise many to learn that the youngest daughter of Thomas De Quincey is still alive and itving at Kensington. She has been in comparatively feeble health for some time. In addition to reminiscences of her fasher and his eccentricities, Miss De Quincey, now in her controlled the woof 'em and gests down on my knees the controlled with the vecof 'em and gests down on my arms round the two of 'em and gests down on my knees." no more, and I lest puts my arms round the two of 'em and gets down on my knees and tells the God up there on top of them stars what I think of Him for makin' two critters seen as that and fetchin' two critters seen as that father's house in Edinburgh during her girthood in the earlier years of the Victorian Pass out of that blizzard in Dead Man's

"Sometime, Kid. some blabmouthed

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staged in the fall.

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old geezer is goin' to tell you that onct when he was in Council City he seen a man that oughter had better sense come in haulin two dogs on a sled. One was crippled, and the other was clean broke down and was deef and blind "Listen a minnit and I'll tell you somethin a little more. Jest look at that cloud o'dust down yander. Notice it's a dog runnin' on three legs, 'cause the fourth one don't work fast enough. See, kid. she's a pretty little bitch, and the man that's chasin' her is tryin' to get back the half o'ham she has stole. Ef she gits away with it—and mostly she does—she will come and lay it on the paws of this pore ole blind thing here at my heels. That s Cigareet."

THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

The publication of "Woman in Modern Society," by Earl Barnes, formerly pro-fessor of European history in the Uni-versity of Indiana and later professor of education in Stanford University, has been postponed so as to permit the At-lantic Monthly to use three chapters in June, July and August respectively. The book, which will contain eleven chapters, will be published in August by B. W.

Gene Stratton-Porter, has been dramatized and for the last two weeks has been on tour in New York State. After the play has been thoroughly tried out it will have a metropolitan production.

"Freckles." the first "best seller" writ-

It inaugurates "The Young Crusaders" series issued by Little, Brown & Co. and is designed to appeal espe-cially to boy scouts.

of the "Illustrated Key to the Wild and Commonly Cultivated Trees of the Northeastern States and Adjacent Canada," by J. Franklin Collins and Howard W. Pres-ton; and a revised edition of "Botany for High Schools," by Prof. George F. Atkinson of Cornell University.

The D. A. R. have ordered two large sonnets written by Henry Frank in comand personages in American history. The que volume, which is just off the press Sherman, French & Co., bears the title "The Story of America Sketched in the nation in sonnet sequence.

L. C. Page & Co. announce that the late Robert Nellson Stephens upon his death left the manuscrips of several unpublished plays which he had intended turning into novels after dramatization, and that three of these manuscripts have been unearthed and novelized into stirring historical romances. Iwo of them, "Clementina's Highwayman," novelized by George Hembert Westley, and "A Soldier of Valley Forge," novelized by Theodore Goodridge Roberts, have already been published, and the third, "The Sword of Bussy," has just been com-pleted by a Boston newspaper man and will be published in the early summer. Robert Neilson Stephens, who died six years ago at the age of 38, was a deet student of Elizabethan literature. He wrote one of E. H. Sothern's most famous plays, "An Enemy to the King," which ran through twenty-three large editions in its book form.

Lawrence Beesley, a Titanic survivor. who wrote the account of the disaster published by the Associated Press, has written a more carefully considered narrative, entitled, "The Loss of the S. S. Titanic: Its Story and Its Lessons," which will be published only in book form and by Houghton, Mifflin Company, June 29. Mr. Beesley was graduated eight years ago from Cambridge University, England, taking first class honors in the natural science tripos, and since then has been

Harper & Brothers announce the publication this week of "The Street Called Straight," a new novel by the author of "The Inner Shrine." They are also sending to press for teprinting "The Heritage

It is announced that the right to publish the authorized editions of the works of Wait Whitman has been transferred to Mitchell Kennerley by the executors of the late poet Thomas B. Harned and Horace Traubel, Mr. Kennerley announces new editions of "Leaves of Grass" and "Complete Prese Works." The publication of Horace Traubel's biography "Walt Whitman in Camden," has also been undertaken by Mr. Kenneriey, who will issue a third volume of the work

"Mastering Flame" is the title of an anonymous novel that Mitchell Kennerley will publish next week. Though written by an American, whose identity has so far been concealed, "Mastering Flame" was first published two months ago it England, where it was received with

JEFFERY FARNOL AND

Labors, Aided by a Pot of Tea.

TORE UP TEN CHAPTERS

Which He Wrote in Haste and Which He Disliked on Looking Over.

LONDON, May 10 .- Having practically completed the final chapters of his new novel, "The Amateur Gentleman," Jeffery Farnol is preparing to Join his family in New Jersey. For over eighteen months this young English novelist, who really "arrived" only about a year ago with the publication of "The Broad large, and the English speaking world, he is carefree from financial worries. Those were seven long lean years that he spent in America vainly endeavoring to secure a foothold, and he returned disheartened to his parents' home in Lee two years ago with his wife and daughter. ompleted the final chapters of his new months this young English novelist. ago with the publication of "The Broad Highway," has been at work on this book, and since January he has labored pounder pressure, for a New York magazine having announced "The Amateur of the Limberlost," is scheduled for pub- Gentleman" for serial publication commencing in April, proceeded to print "The Young Crusaders" is the title of the first instalment in that issue and spite the fact that it had less than half Highway' of the completed manuscript in hand.

Mr. Farnol's boyish spirits are uppermost and he is about to join Mrs. Farnol and his little daughter Jill, who went over to America before the holidays ast year and have been living in Englewood, N. J., where Mrs. Farnol's parents

America two years ago after his manu-America two years ago after his manuscript "The Bread Highway" had been rejected by New York publishers, the creator of Peter Vibart and Charmian could be completed Mr. Farnol talked freely of his plans for the future.

time since they left here. I also want tleman. I was progressing fairly with this story, as I thought, when I com-menced to receive calls for more manu-

HIS METHOD OF WORK

Staged in the fall.

"I wrote some plays when I was in America before, and while they were never produced," he added with a smile.

"I learned a whole lot about play construction. Furthermore 1 was once a scene painter at the Astor Theatre and kept my eyes and ears open. It was there that Eugene Walter brought his famous play "The Easiest Way," and I remember well the first interview he had with the manager."

America with a view to having the pla

had with the manager.

Mr. Farnol is a night worker. With a not of tea at his show he starts in writing in his den at the top of the house about midnight, and when the sun appears in the east he is winding up a new chapter. If he is not satisfied with his labors the following night he re-

writes.

A lover and student of the early English dramatists historians and novelists, he prefers to depict life and character of a generation or century ago rather than to deal with present day themes. Now that "The Broad Highway" and "The Money Moon" have firmly established his literary reputation throughout the English speaking world, he is

However, he quickly found a London publisher for "The Broad Highway," and with its publication the tide turned. Indianant at some of the stories in cir-culation regarding the history of "The Broad Highway" manuscript, this Len-don publishing firm says: "Among other wild statements it is

was submitted to nearly f the completed manuscript in hand.

Now that the critical period has accepted by us. This is absolutely in Now that the critical period has accepted by us. This is absolutely in passed and the end has been reached, correct. It was submitted in America wood, N. J., where Mrs. Farnol's parents reside.

Down at his home in Lee, where he has been living since he returned from was submitted by Mr. Farnol's frie and mentor, Mr. Shirley B. Jeve upon which a fresh agreement was Blanche and Jill, for it seems a long author.

"After the agreement was signed, 1 a rest—or rather a change—for I shall doubtless be busy in New York, although it will be a different kind of work than it has been writing. The Amateur Genpublishers, not only as to the merits of The Broad Highway, but also as to the genius of the author. Mr. Farnmenced to receive calls for more manusscript. In endeavoring to expedite matters I wrote ten chapters which did not prove satisfactory to me and these I dependent on the prove satisfactory to me and these I dependent on the prove satisfactory to me and these I dependent on the pence and testify by a reflect to the illustrations signed by New York."

Mr. Jeffery Farnol, and the tales and described appearing over his signature."

New York."

Asked if there were any prospects of the dramatization of "The Broad Highway," Mr. Farnol said:

"I understand that my Boston publishers have received many requests for the dramatic rights, and they have already consulted me in regard to preparing the dramatization. I have the scenes all plotted out in my mind and scenes all plotted out in my mind and scenes all plotted out in my mind and scenes in povel writing.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol, and the tales and sketches appearing over his signature."

Although he has a host of friends in America, and his wife's people live there. Mr. Farnol does not anticipate taking up his residence in the States. He has, in fact, an option on a commodious proceed that he will return within a year with his family and there resume his novel writing. I shall confer with my publishers in novel writing

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